

choke this love (one last breath)

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by [navyhurricane](#)

Summary

Everyone has a thing that they like in bed, and George's is probably one of the most simple ones out there. However, he can't keep staring at his best friends mouth and wishing that the blond would finally catch on already. He wants bruises, and he refuses to admit that it's Dream's mouth he wants those marks from, but at least he's oblivious to George's staring...

Right?

Notes

Inspired (loosely) by River - BRKN LOVE
other songs looped:

Eyes On Fire - Blue Foundation
Black Out Days - Phantograms
If This Is The End (I've Been a Fool from the Start) - The Cruel Knives

hello everyone!! how are we today??

it's songfic sunday:) this one is a lot different than previous fics, so PLEASE MAKE SURE to heed the warnings and rating, and check the tags to make sure you're comfy with the content!

ADDITIONALLY

we have art for this:) ash is absolutely amazing and this fic is also based off his art, i swear you need to follow them on twitter (linked in end notes!), they've been such a motivation for me to do this fic and the number one fan so far:)

[NSFW art, one](#)

[NSFW art, two](#)

[NSFW art, three](#)

hey hey wink wink nudge nudge take this link to my [spotify](#), you won't regret it:)

typical disclaimer: this fic is not about the cc's themselves, but the online personas they've created. if their boundaries were to change or they were uncomfortable with this fic, i will remove it.

with that said, enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George didn't know what it was about it. It wasn't something unusual, but just the mere idea of it was so much better than anything he'd done before; he had caught himself daydreaming a few too many times, zoning out in class and lazily staring at his friends' mouth as he spoke and tried to keep George up to date.

Bruises. Specifically, hickeys. Bite marks. Scratches that were delivered too hard and too bluntly, leaving streaks of bruised vessels instead of lacerations on the skin. The grip and memory of someone's palms on his hips. The dark remains of fingerprints on his throat.

Just... *bruises*.

Maybe it would have been fine if it were just the bruises themselves; everyone has their weird thing and honestly, his isn't that far out of left field. Plenty of people stumble into classes, marked necks and glazed eyes, and George has had his fair share of practise with color correctors in his lifetime. Perhaps it would have been completely regular if it was only the bruises.

But, as all things go, that wasn't the case for George.

No, of course not. He didn't just have to have an infatuation with broken blood vessels, with sensitive skin that would throb at the lightest movement. Noo, he just *had* to have a connection to it, one that made for dangerous fantasies during the night and barely concealed ones during the day.

It wasn't just the bruises he wanted, but it was the bruises from a specific someone's mouth. And of course, that specific someone had to be his untouchable best friend.

It could be considered unhealthy if George weren't so aware of it. He knew it was a little strange, to stare at Dream's lips as he talked, wondering if the chapped skin would scrape his ribs just as good as his teeth, or if those sharp canines Dream likes to flash would break the skin of his thighs and make it hurt something good.

George loathed to admit how many times Dream had caught him staring. Luckily and unluckily, his best friend brushed it off as George being tired and slipping, or his concentration wavering or *something* that wasn't the lust George felt daily. Maybe it was the pure annoyance George felt after getting away with another catch of his gaze. He wishes that Dream would just stop being oblivious and get the rejection over with so George can cry over pretty boys and sharp teeth.

Anyways, it's getting to be a problem.

George groans and drops his head down on his textbook. The numbers and letters are swirling together and he's right on the cusp of a headache. Dream, sitting across from him, bumps their feet under the table and laughs.

"Tapping out already, Georgie? Coward." George just reaches one hand up to flip him off and feels Sapnap's hand settle on his head. Dream just chuckles as Sap pats him like a dog, and George waves both of them off; he resists the urge to snap his teeth. "Is it time for the poor baby to take a nap?"

"Fuck you, nine o'clock naps are the best. You just have a shit sleeping schedule." George lifts his head, hair slightly tangled from Sapnap's meddling. He looks around at his friends with a glare and leans his elbows on the table. "We aren't even doing anything, so really I can do as I please."

He's telling the truth. The library is mostly empty except for a few stragglers with headphones in and their group of friends. Bad is sitting at the end of the table, talking to Quackity and Skeppy, and Karl leans across Sapnap to grab a few of his highlighters. They were supposed to be studying and reviewing as the library was open late, but there was very little work actually done.

"Maybe you should just go to sleep earlier. Staying up watching porn is bad for you." Sapnap tries for his head again and earns himself a sharper smack to the hand. The boy pouts and takes his hand back. "Touchy."

"Don't pin your nightly routines on me, you freak." George feels his cheeks flush and he closes his book; he's not going to get anything else done, not with the way Dream is stifling his laughter and hooking their ankles together under the table. Sapnap emits some kind of evil laughter but George cuts it off, "You're so annoying, God."

Sapnap just hums and leans heavily into George's side. The other adjusts his weight so he can compensate and shoots a begging look at Dream. The blond laughs freely now, opens his mouth and flashes George a glimpse of those Godforsaken teeth; George blinks and heat rushes his stomach, but Sapnap is grabbing his attention soon enough.

"Gog-y, you didn't deny it."

"What?!" George shoves his friend away, face hot and probably bright red. "I did, didn't you hear me say it? I'm not ruining my sleep schedule because I'm jerking off, fuckwad."

Dream gasps suddenly, and George looks up to see the other leant forward, edging into George's

space with a lazy smirk and gleaming eyes. “George! How scandalous.”

George groans again, louder and drawn out this time, and gives one final push to Sapnap’s face. The other retreats and Dream leans in the tiniest bit in, and all George can think about is how their legs are still touching under the table.

“Was it the good kind?” Dream stage-whispers and George nearly combusts right there. “What did you search up? Threesomes? DILFs? Watersports?”

“Oh my God, I’m actually leaving.”

George goes to stand but two hands latch around his wrists and Dream and Sapnap yank him back down. They’re both laughing and George can’t help but join in at how ridiculous it is. He glares lightly at Dream, who’s covering his mouth as he finishes his round of giggles. “Of course, you would choose *piss* as a porn category. I actually hate you.”

Dream just shrugs, knowing full well the ambiguity of his kinks drives George up the wall. “So? Got any new ones to suggest?”

“Ooh!” Sapnap joins in, and George cannot believe they’re discussing this in a public student library. “Alright, hear me out... thigh highs.”

Dream hums, looks like he considers it for a second, but his answer comes way too fast for it to not have already been a thought in Dream’s head. “Sold.” George blinks at that revelation but doesn’t get a chance to dwell on it. “Opinions on... mm, say bondage?”

Sapnap shrugs and George wants to melt into the floor; he hates how just that word slipping off Dream’s tongue pushes heat into his gut. “Doable. Workable. Gotta have scissors handy, though. What about you, George? You’re quiet...”

George drops his head down onto the table again. “I’m quiet because you two are going to get us kicked out, or something. I’d rather not get caught talking about, like, *hickies* or something, Jesus.”

There’s a pause, and George lifts his head with a frown. The first thing he sees is the wolflike grin on Dream’s lips and the equally as evil one on Sapnap’s face. He looks between the two, scowls at their creepy silence. “What?”

“So that’s what you like?” Dream licks his bottom lip and George fights to drag his eyes away. “Hickies?”

The brunet’s mouth drops, and he gapes for a second. Dream’s grin only grows, and George wants to punch Sapnap hard enough that he cuts off the growing giggles at his side. George cannot believe—

“What’re you guys talking about?” Karl swoops in, throwing himself across Sapnap’s lap and leaning into George’s space where he can. The three share a long look, and then shrug all at once. Karl shoots a stink eye around the little circle and then sighs dramatically. “Fine. Keep your secrets, but the librarian is kicking us out. I think Quackity failed at distracting them.”

“Nice going, idiots.” Dream sighs and gathers up their stuff, packing George’s into his bag before the other can protest. “We’re going back to the same place anyways, let me carry it for you.”

George stands, and laces his fingers together to crack his back, stiff from sitting there for a few hours and hunched over. The rest of them do the same, getting their stuff together and moving

away from the table.

They leave as a group, but as soon as they hit the sidewalk all of them peel off in different directions. Sappnap goes with Karl and Quackity, and Bad leaves with Skeppy. George exhales into the slight chill of the night, and Dream shoulders his backpack with ease.

“Ready?” George nods, and Dream smiles before setting a wide hand on the brunet’s lower back; he fights a sharp inhale but can’t hide the stiffening of his spine and worries that it will make Dream pull his hand away. To George’s surprise and delight, Dream just hums lightly and puts a bit of pressure to guide George.

He wishes it were more. He wishes it were that hand against his skin, grabbing instead of pushing, scratching instead of slipping his light grip away. It leaves a hot sensation over this thin t-shirt, and when he shivers, it isn’t from the late air.

George starts walking, forcing his feet to move on the concrete and for his cheeks to cool. He’s still reeling from the conversation before, from dirty words dripping off Dream’s lips so easily and him being so casual about it.

Not to mention his interest in George’s slip of tongue.

A car goes by, but George belatedly realizes he’s on the inside of the sidewalk. Dream is a barrier between him and the street, blocking with his larger body and probably not aware of his comfort to George. George plays with the hem of his shirt, just for something to do, and worries his lip between his teeth.

The slight pain is nice, and George sucks the lip into his mouth absently. They turn a corner and his gaze wanders, floats until it lands on Dream’s face. He looks nice, illuminated under the streetlights and the glow of the campus. For such an early night, there’s not many students around and they’re pretty secluded as they walk through the park.

“So, hickeys?”

George stumbles.

“Excuse me?”

Dream’s lips are quirked up. He looks over at George briefly, stops a few feet in front of him and restarts George’s turmoil. “That’s what you said before. Or didn’t say, I guess, but out of all the things you could have picked, and you specifically picked hickeys? George...”

George opens his mouth, tries to find something to defend himself and to derail this train of Dream suddenly being aware. They stand there, lit only by the moon and the streetlight a few meters away, and George has nothing to say.

“I-I don’t—”

“Oh, come on, George.” Dream’s voice is between a purr and a growl, and George finds himself helpless as the other advances, closing that distance readily. George sucks in a breath as Dream’s hand reaches out, brushes his fingers against his shirt and tilts his head where he towers over George. The brunet can’t breathe, not as that hand tangles with his and *squeezes*. “Don’t tell me I’m wrong. You can’t keep your eyes off me. Or, should I say, my *mouth*.”

George’s eyes widen; Dream laughs at the sight, his tongue flicking over his top teeth and catching wetly on a canine.

“Yeah, I noticed. Desperate little thing, aren’t you?”

A whimper slips out of George’s throat against his will; he sways, latching onto the hold Dream has on him and wondering if this is a joke, if Dream is going to drop this on him and tell him he hasn’t been so oblivious and then leave him here. George doesn’t know if he would be able to walk home if that was the case. His legs are already weak, and the dirty words aren’t helping.

Dream gets closer and George wobbles, leaning back enough that he grabs for Dream’s shirt with his free hand and supports himself. Dream’s other arm comes down, lets the backpack slide to the concrete so he can get his hand on George’s hip. It grips and George hisses, white-hot arousal blooming from the area and the pressure against his jeans.

He was right. It feels glorious.

“So, what is it specifically, George? The color, the pain?” Dream dips his head closer and George pulls at his collar, arches his back as Dream presses his palm in and George’s chest to his. George feels the hot whisper of Dream’s breath over his face and he looks up, already in a glassed state of mind simply from the proximity of Dream and his goddamn hold on George. “Or do you just want my mouth on you?”

“D-Dream,” George pants, and the blond tilts his head to hover his lips over George’s. George feels his lips part, slick from his inability to swallow properly and the breaths he has no control over. George closes his mouth quickly and tries to breathe normally, but Dream’s hand comes up and tugs his chin back down.

Dream’s eyes are dark, backlit by the sky and stars. George watches his gaze drop and feels the tip of Dream’s thumb come up to pull at his bottom lip. George shudders and dares to dip his tongue out and lick it, tasting the skin and the salt of Dream and the sharp slide of his nail.

“Well?” Dream says, and George realizes he’s actually looking for an answer.

“It—” George swallows again but Dream just repositions his hand on his jaw and doesn’t remove it, “It’s the bruises. The biting. And—”

He cuts himself off, and Dream pushes his tongue to the corner of his cheek. George stares at it, at the peak of a tooth that he can see, and Dream reaches around George to grasp his hip meanly.

“And what, baby?”

God, call me that again, please. “A-and you. Your mouth, your teeth, God, you drive me insane, Dream.”

The blond looks pleased, and that itself sends a pleasant little thrill through George’s system. That thumb swipes over his mouth again, presses to the center of his mouth and digs in. George’s eyes flutter at the pressure, the slight bite of Dream’s nail against his upper lip. It’s intoxicating, how such a small touch has him useless.

“You want me? You want this?” Dream murmurs, and George nods.

“Please. I—please.”

Dream presses George into the door as soon as they stumble in, large hands under his shirt and pinching and mouths landing harshly on each other. George moans into it, arches against the wood and fumbles for a grip around Dream's neck. A hand slides into Dream's hair and tugs, and Dream retaliates by biting *hard* on George's lip.

The taller leans all his weight into George, nearly crushing him against the door but it only increases the grip Dream has on his hips and George wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

"Please," George gasps against Dream's mouth, and feels the smirk the other kisses into him. Dream gets his tongue in George's mouth, curls it against his and George quickly discovers that Dream is an amazing fucking kisser. He's melting here, hot along his chest and with raw lips and loving every minute of it.

Dream kisses George hard one last time before pulling away; when George tries to follow, Dream snaps his hand to a pale throat and pushes him back. George moans, high pitched and airy and Dream grins.

"Yeah?"

George nods against the hand and lets his hands slide down Dream's chest. "Yeah. Yeah, God, yeah."

Dream hums, that pleased note never leaving. "Desperate."

The brunet barely has a moment to let that word sink in again before Dream is hauling him away, dancing him around the room and urging his shirt off. George lifts his arms, but the collar get's stuck on his nose and he yelps.

Dream snorts, and they work in tandem to get it off. They're both grinning, and through the roughness and the stifling aura of Dream, George is reminded that it's still his best friend. He's safe here.

"You too," George mumbles, and Dream's white smile is hidden under his shirt as he shucks it off. It hits the floor and George's gaze drops, hands reaching out to smooth along the muscled lines of Dream's ribs. George feels the heat of him against his palms just as Dream gets his own hands on him, and George steps into his space to kiss his sternum. "Fuck."

"You alright?" Dream's brow furrows, but George just looks at him with a smile.

"I'm so fucking good right now. You don't even know."

Dream's eyes glow with mirth and lust, and George feels those hands creep back around to the button of his jeans. George rocks up on his toes, reaches down to help Dream loosen his pants and initiates a burning kiss at the same time.

Their fingers work George's jeans down and the brunet immediately reaches for Dream's belt. He looks down, breaks the kiss and doesn't think anything of Dream dipping his head down until—

Dream latches his mouth to George's shoulder, presses a kiss there and then *bites*.

George's fingers freeze against Dream's waistband and the smaller moans, pitching forward until his face is pressed to the crook of Dream's neck and he can support himself. Dream licks over the bitten skin, sending pinpricks of pain up George's neck but it feels so good.

“Dream,” George gasps, and the other makes a sound against his skin. Those teeth come back with vengeance, and George hooks his fingers into Dream’s boxers – he still hasn’t gotten his pants undone – and pushes up into it. Dream works his skin there, sucks and licks and bites until George can see the reddening mark out of the corner of his eye.

It looks as good as it feels, and Dream’s saliva cools rapidly against his skin when he pulls away. Dream’s lips are red and slick and George yanks him forward by his boxers to devour his mouth, tingling head to toe from the treatment.

Dream pulls back on a laugh, and quickly unbuckles his belt and slides his pants down. George leans into him and their erections brush, prolonging that sensation of pleasure and forcing a grunt from Dream’s throat.

“You really like that shit, don’t you?” Dream pokes his finger into the newly formed bruise and George hisses, but doesn’t smack his hand away. The blond grins, wide and unrestrained. “Jesus, that’s so fucking hot.”

George laughs lightly and Dream steps towards him, urging him back towards a bed blindly; the brunet moves with him, trusts Dream enough that he knows the blond wouldn’t walk him into a wall or something.

(However, if that door scene said anything, perhaps George wouldn’t mind discovering a wall at his back.)

A hand presses to his chest and George moves back, collapsing onto soft sheets that he recognizes as Dream’s and crawling backwards onto it. Dream follows him, licks his lips like he’s hunting George and finally caught him. Dream looks at him like he *belongs* to him, and oh, isn’t that a thought.

“You’re gonna look so good covered in my marks,” Dream purrs and slides a large hand up George’s thigh. George inhales sharply, half at the words and half at the grip Dream has on the top of his leg. The blond notices, tightens his hold when George wiggles and a moan floats through the room. “Oh, you like that? Being owned? Fucking slut, you just want to belong to someone.”

George writhes as Dream’s hand swaps thighs and his fingers pinch the highest point on the inside of his thigh, absolute arousal threading through George’s body and leaving him shaking. Dream shuffles closer, gets between George’s legs and leans down over him to press kisses and love bites alike to his chest in an unspecified pattern.

Every time Dream’s teeth scrape over his ribs or his other hand digs into George’s waist, he swears he’s died and ascended somewhere for how good it feels. Dream’s hands are just this side of rough, textured callouses and nails scraping against pale skin and leaving it red. They’re wide, covering more skin than George thought was possible and leaving him reeling at the size difference between them.

“Look, baby,” Dream coos, and George lifts his head enough from where he’d thrown it back to stare down his torso. It makes him dizzy with pleasure, the spotted areas where Dream laid his claim. He struggles to find what Dream is referencing, but the hand that slides down his chest is enough of a hint. “You’re so small, fit perfectly in my hands like you were *made* for me.”

George whines, presses up into Dream’s palm as it drags lower and lower. It catches on the band of his briefs and Dream dips his fingers just under the front, enough for George to feel them under his bellybutton and nothing more. He swallows a whimper, fights the urge to buck his hips into the touch.

“Dream, *please*.”

“Please what?” Dream scratches one nail against George’s hipbone, stinging against thin skin and earning a small whine. Dream grins and lowers his mouth to George’s belly, making him watch as he scrapes his teeth against clear skin. “Tell me what you want, baby. C’mon.”

George throws his head back against the pillow, unable to keep burning eye contact and still speak in comprehensible words. Dream’s laugh floats up to him, like the blond can tell just how badly he’s ruining George and they aren’t even naked yet.

“I want you to t-touch me,” George snaps, and Dream sucks a small mark into his stomach.

“I am touching you. But you don’t just want me to touch you, hm?” Dream curls the rest of his fingers into George’s briefs and gives a teasing tug, enough for the waistband to cut against his skin and for the entirety of his happy trail to peek out. Dream glances down and licks his lips like he’s seeing a meal, and George feels *owned*. “You want me to ruin you. You want me to bite you... don’t you, baby?”

“*Dream*.”

Dream chuckles then and pushes up onto his knees over George. “Alright, alright, let me get these off. Lift your hips up... good.”

Underwear is tossed to the side and George curls his legs in, shins resting on the hot sides of Dream’s body and knees pressed together. Dream’s hands don’t stay away for long and find a place on the outsides of George’s thighs. They share a look, George with his head tossed back and Dream staring down at him with heat in his eyes, and it’s crushing.

“George,” Dream murmurs, edging in closer, “Spread your legs.”

Large hands slide around George’s thighs, leading to the backs of his knees and pushing them up towards his chest. George can feel his heart in his throat as he’s exposed, but the small hitch in Dream’s breathing is enough to soothe him when he parts his knees.

A pleased hum rumbles in Dream’s chest and George barely has a chance to take a breath before the blond latches onto his thighs. George yelps, jerking and closing his legs around Dream’s head but the other just grunts and digs his fingers in under George’s thigh. The brunet’s yelp dissolves into a drawn-out groan, and he pushes himself up onto an elbow to watch.

It’s intoxicating to see the blond between his legs, head ducked, red lips attached and biting any skin Dream can reach. He glances up every so often, smugness and possessiveness fighting in his gaze, but George loves it. A pale hand is threaded through Dream’s hair, firm but not pulling, and Dream groans into his leg, flashing George his teeth before they’re sunk into the skin.

“Fuck, Dream,” George whines, and Dream laps against the mark his teeth left. George’s leg trembles and Dream throws it over his shoulder, forcing George to lean more on his elbow and tug at Dream’s hair. “You feel so good.”

George feels like he’s in heaven, and Dream hasn’t once touched his cock yet.

The hand on the underside of his leg moves upwards, and George gasps as it trails a little closer to the apex of his thighs. For all his nakedness, he doesn’t feel any more exposed than he did before and now Dream’s face is inches from his dick. George swallows as those fingers creep in further, brushing against the underside of his cock, and he swears he feels a hot breath against his balls.

“Jesus, you should see yourself right now,” Dream says, and George uses the grip in his hair to haul him up a bit. Dream winces, but the flash of arousal in his eye tells George he didn’t hate it. The leg over Dream’s shoulder stretches as Dream leans in, grabbing the side of George’s throat and pulling him in for a messy kiss. Dream grins against George’s lips: “You look like you got mauled, and I haven’t even fucked you yet. You sure you can keep going, princess?”

George growls, and nips Dream’s lip hard enough that it bleeds. The iron taste flood his senses and when Dream licks deep into his mouth, he lets out a raw noise to be swallowed.

“Lube is in my nightstand,” George mutters against Dream’s lips, but the other just nods minutely and keeps kissing him like it was the last time. If there’s something George would add to his little list of things that do it for him, he can safely say that making out with Dream is high on it. Dream tilts his head and tightens his hold on George’s neck, earning a gasp and a pat to the chest. “Dreamie, go grab it.”

They part on a slick sound, and Dream’s tongue comes out to swipe his lower lip. “You’re so fucking needy, George. Maybe I should make good on my own interests... hm, or save it for later.”

George’s brow furrows as Dream slips off the bed, sitting up against the sheets and watching the other move around the room. He glances down at his legs, and a spark of self satisfaction ignites in his stomach as he stares at the mess of his skin already.

Bruises, pretty ones and dark ones. Marks melded in the shape of Dream’s teeth, his fingers, his lips. There are scratches on his hips and over his ribcage and his cock lays flushed between his thighs, generally untouched except for the teasing touch Dream gave him for half a second.

George skates his hand down the plane of his chest, poking and prodding at the colour he so desired; he glances up to see Dream rummaging through George’s nightstand – that’s fair, it’s filled with so much random shit – and licks his lips as he brings his hand to his dick.

It’s the easiest thing for him to curl his fingers around himself, lean back on the bed and press his other fingers into the bruises on his skin. He digs his nails into the first one Dream left, the dark one on his shoulder, and stifles a moan against the sheets as pleasure rips through him.

He swipes his thumb over the head of his cock, gathering the precum and keeping a steady but slow pace up and down his shaft. His heels press into the bed as he watches the muscles on Dream’s back move with his arms, sees the tan skin that would look debauched with his nails running down it. George prods a hickey on his hip and squeezes his cock, forcing a gasp from his throat and definitely catching Dream’s attention.

“You little...” Dream says, turning around and raking his gaze over George from head to toe. George stares back, increases the pace of his hand with Dream’s eyes on him and smiles with a wet mouth. “Couldn’t even wait for me to get back, could you? You’re really fucking asking for it, Georgie.”

George scoffs, and Dream kneels on the bed; he doesn’t bother to close his legs, and Dream drops the bottle of lube on the blanket beside them. “Like you would even go through with a threat. I need to keep *asking* and *asking*, oh Dream, please, please Dream--!”

Harsh fingers snatch his throat and George is shoved back onto the bed, hands flying to Dream’s thick wrist and choking out a moan at the sheer pressure against his neck. Dream hovers above him, watches him closely as George wriggles a bit and can’t find a speck of purchase.

“Shut your mouth before I shut it for you,” Dream snarls, and George quite literally *melts* at the

pure dominance in his tone, “You’re so fucking bossy, maybe a bit of patience will do you some good. Hm?”

The hand squeezes around the sides of his neck and George’s pulse throbs, a floaty sensation running through his skull as his eyes flutter. He can still breathe, but the lack of oxygenated blood is *glorious*, and George lets go of a breathless whimper.

“That’s what I thought. Now, be a good pup and take what I give you.” Dream’s palm pulls back a little and George’s head swims with a rush of heat but he nods rapidly, and Dream’s hand bumps against his chin. The blond takes his hand and keeps it there, clutches the line of his face and pulls his lips apart. “Open your mouth.”

George obeys, and feels a line of drool slip out of the corner of his lips when Dream slides a thumb along his molars. His tongue twitches and lolls onto his lip without his permission but Dream just sucks his cheeks in for a second and then spits on the flat of George’s tongue.

“Swallow.”

The brunet closes his lips around Dream’s thumb and his throat bobs quickly. Dream smiles and his hand flexes on his jaw.

“Good fucking boy.”

George’s eyes flutter and Dream withdraws his hand, trailing it down and over George’s collarbones until he reaches the head of his dick. Dream grasps him and circles his wet thumb over George, drawing a ragged whine of his name from the smaller’s bruised throat. George writhes and Dream throws his leg over him, effectively pinning George’s thighs and leaving him to his mercy.

Unfortunately, Dream has none to share.

His hand is big enough to cover the majority of George’s cock and it doesn’t help George’s never-ending arousal; the dry friction from Dream’s palm is even worse, leaving George shaking and begging under Dream’s hold. The blond grins wider, if possible, when George cries out on a particularly brutal twist of his hand.

“Please—”

Dream leans over George on his elbow, doesn’t remove his hand from George’s dick but also doesn’t speed up; there’s a bulge in his boxers that makes George’s mouth wet with saliva, and it only increases when Dream rolls his hips against George’s thigh, rutting and taking his own pleasure from George. “Do you even know what you’re begging for, princess? All I’m hearing is *please* and nothing you really want.”

George whimpers as Dream flattens his hand over the head of George’s cock, grinding it in enough that it leaves it redder than before and sensitive.

“I could leave you here, if that’s what you want—”

“No!” George gasps, and drags Dream’s hand from his dick so to his face. Dream watches him, rapture in his gaze as George licks up the flat of his palm, cleaning his own precum and trailing the tip of his tongue up Dream’s longest finger. The blond lets him, lets him swallow down that finger and lets Dream add another until he’s fucking George’s mouth with his hand.

George blinks up at him, swallows messily around the fingers before pulling them back out, “Please, just fuck me. I want it so bad, Dream, God.”

There's a pause, filled with the slight movements of George against the sheets and the side of his neck faintly throbbing, but Dream moves soon enough. He takes his hand back, sits up enough that he can slide his own boxers off and George gulps.

He's big. It makes sense, seeing as his hands cover inches of George's body with ease and his shoulders are broad and he's tall—

Dream is big, and *God*, does George want that in him.

George reaches down when Dream gets closer, slides his hand down the underside of it and feels the heft in his palm. Dream grunts when he curls his fingers around it, lets George do what he wants for a few seconds and plants a rough hand on the top of George's thigh. The brunet looks up at him, eyes glassy from the earlier teasing and mouth red from its constant treatment.

“Dream, I swear to fuck if you don't put this in me—”

“George!” Dream laughs, and grabs the lube sitting beside his knee. “C'mon, if you want it so bad then turn around, let me get you ready.”

The speed at which George flips is almost inhumane, and he settles down on his elbows and knees. He rests his face on his arms, looks back over his shoulder and spreads his knees against the sheets; Dream's face goes blank for a second, lax and eyes drooping as George reaches back and grabs hold of one cheek.

“Have at it, Dreamie,” George slurs against his forearm, and giggles low when Dream's throat bobs.

“Fucking hell,” Dream mutters, and George turns his face to a more comfortable position. He closes his eyes as fingers trail up the bottoms of his thighs, a surprisingly sensitive area and one that is probably about to be as equally marked as the insides of his legs. He can't wait.

The first touch is Dream's hand, digging his fingers into George's ass cheeks and gripping them. George moans despite himself, and he just knows that single touch alone is going to leave bruises.

“So pretty bent over for me,” Dream coos, and his voice gets lower behind George. The brunet doesn't look behind him, but shivers when a cool stream of air blows over his entrance; Dream hums at the reaction, and George gasps as his tongue flattens against him. “What a good boy...”

“Dr—” George chokes out, but Dream is a man on a mission and that mission is rendering George fucking useless. The blond knows how to use his tongue in other places than just his mouth, and George finds his legs squeezing together against his iron grip as Dream laps and kisses and *sucks* until he's a shivery, whimpering mess.

There's pressure at his hole and George relaxes on instinct; the tip of Dream's tongue pushes in, and the blond hums like he's pleased. The vibrations along with the praising tone is almost too much for George, too soft and too kind. Luckily, Dream knows him and he doesn't have to worry before the blond is pulling back and raising his hand off George's ass.

His palm comes down with a harsh *smack* and George yelps, the flush of his ass spreading in the shape of Dream's handprint. He shudders when Dream massages the area, grips and holds and *owns* before doing it thrice more, equally distributing them to both sides.

George is drooling. He's a mess, barely holding himself up but when Dream checks in, he slurs out an affirmative and the cap of the lube opens.

The cool feeling of slick against his hole is almost a reprieve, and George sighs like he's content as that finger dips in, stretches and burns a little but it's worth it. George moves his hips in little circles, only encouraged by Dream's hand holding him and urging him to keep moving. It feels good, and Dream definitely knows it.

"I'm gonna add another," Dream says and George nods.

This one stings more but Dream is careful and slow, and he leans over George's back to kiss along his spine like he's distracting him. George moans as teeth nip at the knobs in his spine, and Dream urges his fingers in to his second knuckles. George lets go of a shaky breath as those fingers move back out and then in, and then seem to find a proper rhythm; his cock sways between his legs, aching and untouched.

Dream's fingers jab downward and George's hips jerk away, a cry ripping from his throat and causing Dream's teeth to skitter down the side of his hip. That mouth returns with a plan, though, and George feels Dream's heat along his back as the other nips the shell of his ear.

"Does that feel good? Rough enough for you?" Dream bites the skin under George's ear and the other arches under him, throat tight and only getting worse as Dream's free hand cups it. He swallows and feels the slightest resistance against Dream's palm, but it doesn't hold him back from moaning as Dream abuses that spot, rubs his fingers against it until George's voice breaks. "C'mon, use your words, princess. You were *so* confident earlier, tell me how I'm doing. Am I fucking you good? Do you like it?"

"Ah—" George cries out, and Dream pushes a third finger in alongside the two, quickly resuming his rhythm and shifting his hand against George's neck. His thumb digs in, scratches against his carotid and George feels the first tear slip down his cheek. His cock is positively *dripping*, leaving the bed under him wet and spotted with evidence of his pleasure.

Dream chuckles in his ear, evidently seeing his tear or feeling it against his wrist, and lets up the tiniest bit when George hiccups. "C'mon, George, tell me how it feels. I wanna know, baby, tell me."

"So good—" George whines, and shudders when those fingers slow to a rocking pattern, brushing over his prostate and massaging it more than attacking it, "Please, it's so good..."

"Yeah?" Dream uses his hand to turn his head and kisses George; the other tries his best to give back but he feels boneless and hot and floaty and all he can really do is open his mouth for Dream to lick into it. The taller doesn't seem to mind, though, and carefully pulls his fingers out of George. "On your back, George, lemme see you."

George crashes to the sheets, uncaring of where his limbs end up under Dream. The blond snorts when the bed bounces, and George curls onto his side to stare at Dream's cock. It looks painful, hard and standing against his lower abdomen and purpled at the head; George smiles despite himself, glad to know that this is just as exciting to Dream as it is to him.

Dream catches his staring and holds the base of his cock, truly showing how big he is. Those fingers glisten against the skin and George's mouth waters, watching as Dream pumps his cock slow, teases the end of his own head and runs his finger up the vein on the underside.

It's a show. It's hot.

And the best part?

It's just for George.

George licks his lips and hauls himself up, keeping heady eye contact with Dream as he sets his hands on Dream's shoulders. The other has a gleam in his eye, like he knows what George is going to do already, but George just leans in for a more controlled kiss before moving down, planning on putting his own marks on Dream.

Maybe it isn't just the bruises on *himself*. Maybe it's the bruises of a pair, staking that claim and making sure that person remembers you.

(If he dared, he could go even farther and say that maybe it's because that person is *Dream*.)

He kisses down the side of Dream's jaw, takes in the sharp cut of it and the stubble that scratches his lips. George bites the bolt of it, laughs against Dream's skin when the blond's breath hitches, and his hands grab George's hips. They're on their knees and when George shuffles closer, Dream's cock presses against his and against his stomach. The weight is comforting as it is arousing, and George continues his path down.

Just as it did on his skin, bites and bruises appear across Dream's collarbones and chest. George thumbs over Dream's nipple and flattens his tongue against the other one, Dream's hand gripping his hair and holding him to his chest. George sets his palm against Dream's ribs and sits back on his calves.

Dream looks down at him as George's hand slips to his cock, warmth spreading through his stomach as he holds the base. The head is inches from his lips and Dream's hand tightens in his hair momentarily, not guiding George towards it but definitely securing his decision.

George's lips part as he leans forward, tongue falling out to lave against the wet head. Dream grunts, knees sliding a bit farther apart and pushes his cock against George's lips. The brunet lets his eyes close and he pushes his head down, swallowing as much as he can in one go.

"George, Jesus—" Dream says, strangled and tight, but George just brings his head up and makes sure to run his tongue along the vein Dream was teasing earlier. He bobs his head, gathers saliva in his mouth and makes a sloppy sound when he pulls all the way off to spread it down Dream's cock. He looks up at Dream, eyes watery and smug and Dream only chuckles.

"Desperate, baby. But don't worry, it looks good on you." Dream urges his head down again, and George goes willingly. He's only had one taste of Dream and he's already addicted.

He spends probably a little too much time sucking Dream off, but every curl of his tongue and slight scrape of his teeth pulls grunts and groans from Dream and George *needs* to hear more. He times his hand with his movements and pushes down farther each time, until he's nearly reached the base and George's throat flutters on a gag.

Dream moans then, high pitched and breathy and George makes a spontaneous choice to remove his hand completely and go deeper, press down until his nose is flush with Dream's navel. The man above him gasps at the movement and George feels both hands wrap in his hair, but he squeezes his eyes closed and stays.

George swallows around Dream, threatening a harsh gag but the whimper that Dream lets out when he pulls off is so fucking worth it.

They're both panting when Dream drags him up to kiss him, takes over with a fiery tongue and sharp teeth. George almost pulls back, unsure if Dream is cool with them kissing right after he

sucked his cock but Dream just mutters a *so fucking hot* against his mouth and the thought abandons him.

Limbs move and lube is grabbed; it suddenly feels rushed and desperate, and George wants to know what Dream is going to feel like inside him, *needs* to know or he's going to go fucking insane. Dream sits against the wall and George scrambles on top of him, their mouths slipping apart but never for more than a few seconds. Even as Dream slicks up his cock with lube, George keeps his lips on the blond.

“Wanna ride me, princess?” Dream smirks, and George holds himself up on shaky thighs over Dream's cock. The other slips a hand up the inside of his leg, dips two fingers into George teasingly and causes the other to swallow a moan. “C'mon, I wanna see you bounce on my cock for a bit.”

“God...” George whispers and reaches down to grab Dream's dick, but that means they pull away. He's just got his fingertips on the head when Dream freezes under him and George looks up. “What? Are you okay?”

“I'm fine, I just—” Dream drags his fingers up George's body, and George looks down at them. “I really did a number on you already, shit.”

Excitement thrills up George's spine. “Yeah?”

Dream nods, eyes wide and seemingly shocked but it's overshadowed by the heat in them. George stares down at his torso, flits his gaze over the numerous marks on his skin; Dream presses into a specifically dark one, right over his hipbone, and if he could, George would be purring.

“Yeah.” Dream looks up at him, the scared look fading away for something darker, something more confident. “It looks like you belong to me.”

George smiles, licks over his teeth and lines up the head of Dream's cock under him. They both inhale sharp and sweet as George sinks down, jaw dropping with him and chest fluttering through uneven breaths. The brunet whines and rocks his hips against the stretch, knowing exactly what he wants and not patient enough to wait for it.

Dream grips his thighs, holds George up and slows his descent down. The glide is nice, he's stretched perfectly that it still burns something good and doesn't hurt in the bad way, and Dream leaning forwards to mutter praises and encouragements into his skin completes it.

He bottoms out on Dream, panting at the ceiling and into Dream's mouth, taking the time just sitting there to adjust to his size. He swears he feels Dream in his stomach and can't help the way his hand shoots there, floating just over his belly and knocking against Dream's wandering fingers.

“Look at you, holy shit.” Dream licks his lips and sits up under George, forcing out a cry and the tightening of George's hand on Dream's shoulder. The blond just kisses under his chin, laps at the skin like he doesn't know what to do with himself; his breaths are damp and hot, but George's are probably the exact same, bouncing off the skin of Dream's neck. “So good, pup, so good for me.”

George moans and tangles his free hand in Dream's hair, gathering the strength in his legs to move himself partway up Dream's cock. The hands on his thighs help him, and George swallows hard before dropping back down.

The reaction from both of them is instantaneous: George cries out and Dream grunts, using his grip to pull George deeper and harder onto him. George completely abandons the idea of setting a

harder rhythm and instead only lifts himself a few inches, dropping down and bouncing on Dream's lap.

His cock bobs against Dream's stomach, rubbing harder when Dream doesn't let him rise up every few seconds. He's hot, panting from Dream's body heat and the pleasure of having his friend's cock inches deep in him.

"Dream, fuck—" George moans, and Dream grits his teeth before bucking his hips up into him.

"Keep going, baby, you're doing so good." George throws his head back, tears building in his eyes from the overwhelming pleasure and the feeling of finally getting what he needed. Dream clamps his teeth onto George's collarbone, never stopping their movements, and George moans something breathy to the air. "So tight around my cock, feels so good. C'mon, George, tell me how good you feel, how good I'm making you feel."

George is so overwhelmed. He rocks on Dream's dick, feels more and more floaty and light as the seconds drag by. Dream's words bounce around his skull, echo and send his lungs running for his throat.

"Dr—" George wails on a particularly hard bounce, and Dream licks a broad stripe up the front of George's throat. He bites there, and George feels hot tears slip over his cheekbones. Dream reaches up, wipes one away in a soft contrast to the way he's fucking him.

"So ruined for me, I left *my* fucking mark on you. You aren't gonna want anyone else after this, your ass is going to be shaped to *my* fucking cock."

His mind is running with *Dream, Dream, Dream* and George never wants it to stop.

The next thrust slides past his prostate and George's legs give out. He collapses on Dream's lap, drives his cock deeper and keeps it there. George is gasping, drooling over the side of his lips and teary eyed in Dream's lap. His neck hurts, there's faintly bleeding scratches over his hips and ribs and George has never been happier in his life.

"Aw, you tired, princess?" George nods, even if the words are teasing and mean because *yes*, he's fucking tired but he isn't done yet, hasn't come once and isn't going to be able to if Dream keeps looking at him like this, smug and cocky like he doesn't have sweat on his temples, like George can't feel him throbbing inside him. Large hands press into sensitive hipbones and George twitches. "Want some help, baby?"

"Please, Dream," George immediately begs, throat raw and thick due to the tears on his face. Dream grins at him and pulls George against his chest easily. Those hands wrap around his back and Dream surges up, flipping them in one solid movement and George's back hits the blankets. He scrambles for a hold on Dream, tugs the other close and loops his arms over Dream's shoulders. "God, just fuck me, fuck me right now."

Dream chuckles, and George closes one eye as the blond licks a line of tears off his cheek. "As you wish, Georgie."

And Dream does. George is grateful for his hold, digs his nails into Dream's ribcage and scratches lines down the ridges; he can't be blamed, not as Dream holds him down against the bed and braces his weight on George's waist, drives his cock deeper and harder until George can barely breathe.

The bed creaks and George throws his head back, unable to even scream for how good Dream is

fucking him. His mouth hangs open, hands grabbing at Dream's torso, his wrists, the sheets, anything that will give him a hold in this situation.

Maybe he doesn't actually want one.

"I asked you a question before, George." Dream manages between thrusts, and George opens his eyes – when had he closed them? – to stare at Dream blearily. Dream bares his teeth, pulls one of George's legs over his shoulder and nips at the already bruised skin of his thigh. "Tell me."

Tell him what?

"Tell me how good I'm fucking you. Tell me exactly how good you feel, what it's like to be under me and stretched around my cock." Dream snaps his hips hard and George cracks, spine arching and fingers scratching. Dream doesn't stop. "Use your words, pup, c'mon, I know you can."

"It's s' good," George slurs, words choppy and mussed from Dream pounding him and distracted by the hand snaking up his chest. His legs bend as Dream leans closer, and George gasps as that hand lands on his throat. "Fuck, you f-feel so good, Dreamie, pl'se..."

The hand on his throat tightens and George wails, legs useless and hands desperate. Desperate, desperate, desperate for Dream.

George makes shaky eye contact with Dream and swallows against his palm.

"C'mon, Dreamie, own me. I'm yours, please just—" George cries out in the middle of his sentence, Dream's arm hooking around to grasp George's abandoned cock, "—I'm all yours, I promise, I don't want anyone else!"

The last thing George registers properly is the white of Dream's smile, and then the other increases his pace and his force and George is *gone*.

He wails. He screams. He makes a breathless noise that could be described as a moan, but it's swallowed by Dream's hand on his throat and his lips that dive down to capture George's. George pulls at whatever he can, whether that's Dream's hair or his hands or his thighs; Dream doesn't stop when he does, just readjusts and hammers into George like it's his job.

The filth never stops coming from Dream's lips, either. It's a constant stream of words and arousal, spit against George's skin and his ears until he's numb with pleasure and loving every second of it.

A particular thrust has George reeling, and he latches his hand onto the one Dream has on his cock. He'd been slowly stroking it, never enough to get George off but perfect to tease him and drive him crazy. "Close, close--!"

"Fuck, c'mon baby, let's get you there," Dream pants, sweat dripping off the bridge of his nose and landing somewhere against George's chest. The hand on his throat squeezes, absently being a placeholder and support until now, until George begged for it. "C'mon, George, cum for me, yeah?"

George gasps as Dream gets closer. His mouth drops open, pleading with his eyes and Dream immediately gathers saliva in his cheeks, leans over George to spit messily towards his mouth. Most of it makes it, some hits the side of his lips and George swipes his tongue over it.

Dream's hand squeezes the head and George whines; the blond just grins, breathless himself and drops one last line for George: "C'mon, pretty boy, give it up to me. I wanna see it, wanna see you when you cum..."

The hand on his cock speeds up after that, and coupled with the force of Dream's thrusts, the pace he set that he maintained and the way Dream is facing his thigh like he's going to bite it again, George tips right over.

He thinks he screams. There's no way to tell, not with the white shock of pleasure that racks his system, the way Dream keeps fucking him through it, how it prolongs the pleasure and drags it out until it's painful and until George is gasping and begging and trembling under him all over again.

Dream groans as George squeezes him, drops his hold on George's cock and throat – and that just sends another wave of pleasure crashing into George – and plants his hands on George's hips. George is fully crying now, throat raw and cheeks damp with tears as Dream uses him.

"Dream—" George coughs, and Dream shakes his head.

"I know, I'm close, baby, hold on—" Dream drags his legs up over his hips and slams into him. George can only tremble, overstimulated and flayed but he almost doesn't want Dream to stop. George whimpers and reaches down to wrap his fingers over Dream's wrists.

"C'mon, Dreamie," George calls, voice shaky and small but Dream's gaze flicks up to him, "Give it to me, p-please, I want you to cum, cum for me, baby, *please*."

Dream gasps and his hips stutter, forcing a whine from George and he tenses around Dream's cock. The other groans lowly and falls over George, force failing him and pace increasing. George's nose brushes Dream's cheek and the brunet tangles his fingers in Dream's hair and *drags* him down into a kiss.

"Baby, cum for me, cum for me right now," George breathes against his lips, and Dream's entire body stiffens. He thrusts into George once, twice, three times and then exhales on a shaky moan that George accepts greedily. Heat flashes in him and George gasps as Dream's hips jerk, beyond sensitive now and starting to ache.

They sit there for a second, and George stretches his head up to catch Dream in a kiss. The blond responds easily, and this kiss is the softest one they've shared yet. George sighs into it and Dream's hand combs through his hair, sweaty and damp at the roots and tangled.

There's cum spread over George's chest and stomach and sticking to Dream's now that he's laying on him, but when George tries to move his leg up it trembles in the air like a baby fawns would and Dream snorts against him.

"You alright there?"

George rolls his eyes and Dream sits up carefully. He pulls out and George exhales sharply, uncomfortable until Dream's hands are back on him, soothing the sore muscles of his legs and the ache in his sides. "What, you want me to tell you how good you were again?"

Dream hums and reaches over the side of his bed for a package of wet wipes. Handy. George notices that his hand never leaves George's body, and he's grateful; he feels a little exposed now, flayed and vulnerable with cum over his skin and broken blood vessels.

"Maybe, it was super hot. How do you feel? Throat okay?"

George reaches up absently as Dream wipes him down, shivering at the cold of the cloth but enjoying it, nonetheless. His skin feels hot and a little raw, but it doesn't hurt to speak outside the usual post-sex haze and he isn't exactly worried. "It feels fine. Why, does it look bad?"

Dream looks up at him, but it's dark in their room and he sees Dream squint. "It looks red and maybe bruised? I wasn't lying when I said I did a number on you, you look pretty mauled, George."

The brunet makes a soft noise when Dream lifts his legs, carefully wiping at the cum dripping from his hole; Dream is careful and soft, something George is grateful for seeing as a simple touch has him shaking. "Yeah? I would hope so, that's what I wanted."

"Yeah?" There's a note in Dream's voice that makes George look down at the other, eyes lowered and completely putting all his attention on wiping the sweat off George's thighs. It feels nice, being looked after, but George frowns at the slight tremble of Dream's hand and pushes himself to a sitting position.

"C'mere." George takes a wipe from the package and motions at Dream. The blond looks up, that wide eyed stare back and George doesn't like it. He smiles, soft and small and special for Dream, and that coaxes the other over. George runs his hand down Dream's chest and the wipe follows, cleaning the remnants of George's cum off his skin.

It takes a bit, but George gets Dream clean enough that he wouldn't be eating his own half-dried cum and kisses a love bite on the blond's collarbone. Dream swallows, and George looks up at him.

"Dream, I liked all of that. You did good and you didn't hurt me, I would have stopped you if you did. Do you think you hurt me, baby?"

Silent, Dream nods slowly. George makes a soft sound and places a hand on the side of Dream's face. The taller leans into it, kisses the base of George's hand and George feels his jaw shift.

"I... I know you wanted it and I did too, but I didn't make sure you were fine with everything, a-and I don't know, maybe I could have hurt you and not noticed, or did something you didn't like ___"

Dream cuts himself off when his voice breaks, and George sits down into his lap, craving the closeness and the contact between them. He doesn't lower his hand and rubs his thumb comfortingly over Dream's cheekbone, watching his lover carefully.

"You could have, but you didn't. If I didn't like anything that you did, I would have stopped you and told you that, and we would have changed it." George tilts his head and angles Dream's so he can look him in the eye, and Dream blinks away the slight wetness George sees there, "We can work on this for next time and do check ins more often, and we can also go over a list of things we do and don't like. Does that sound good?"

The boy under him inhales and gulps, and then nods again. George smiles, and presses a kiss to the tip of Dream's nose. They're still naked in Dream's bed, and Dream sets his free hand on George's thigh. He furrows his brow and George waits.

"You're positive I didn't hurt you?"

"Yes, Clay, I'm sure." Dream seems satisfied with that and leans up to kiss George squarely on the lips. George laughs, and kisses him back softly. "You might have to carry me to the showers, though, I'm not sure my legs work."

Dream snorts and pulls back, rubbing his hand up and down George's leg gently. "I can deal with that. Maybe we should prepare better for next time, hm?"

George's heart flutters at the repeat of his sentence, and he nods silently with a smile. Dream grins, showing canines that George now knows what they feel like on his body, and inches them towards the edge of the bed. George slides off with a groan, holding his lower back and watching his knees bend together as he stands.

"God, you're a beast," he mutters and Dream giggles, walking around the room and offering him clothing and their old boxers. If they're going to shower, there's no point in dirtying new ones. George makes it over to the light switch, one that was readily ignored when they first arrived here. He glances back at Dream just to get smacked in the face with a massive t-shirt, and George pulls it on with minimal complaint.

It covers just to the tops of his thighs, and George looks down to see hickeys and bruises peeking out from the bottom. Dream ignores him for the most part, moves around their shared dorm collecting various shower things. Every time George is in arms length, Dream drops a kiss to some part of his face or head.

Curious to see just how debauched Dream made him, George pads over to the full-length mirror by the door—

"Holy *shit*."

"What? What's wrong?" Dream immediately asks, turning around and meeting George's gaze in the mirror. He stops though, and his eyes fall down a few inches before a smile spreads over his face. The blond wraps his arms around George's shoulders, staring at him in the mirror and resting his chin on his head. "Wow..."

"Clay, look what you did..." George trails off, using one finger to hook into his collar and pull the shirt aside.

Right there, displayed for the world to see, is a perfect bruise of Dream's fingers against the sides of his throat. There's four on one side, splayed and wide, and then a single, horizontal one where George knows Dream's thumb tucks perfectly. It looks brutal. It looks *hot*.

"Aw, princess. You look ruined."

George huffs and leans back against Dream's chest, continuing to poke and prod at the bruises. They look nice on him, and he looks up in the reflection to find matching ones on Dream's bare chest. He smiles.

"Yeah. Yeah, we definitely do."

End Notes

i hope you enjoyed! i was talking to a friend on twitter and i'm actually continuing into a second part:) the series is there and available for when i post it, lolol stay tuned!

[ash's twitter!](#)

[my twitter!](#)

as always, yell at me in the comments and stay safe<3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!